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The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke.

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MOVING DAY

I AM not thinking at the moment of that transfer of a household from the shelter of one roof to another which is so like the pulling up and replanting of the living roots of a tree. I am thinking of the moving world as I considered it on a certain noontime of a sunny day in autumn on an ocean beach where for a few hours we established camp between the sand dunes and the sea. For there was motion everywhere about us, or the signs of motion in tracks upon the sand. The tireless singing waves climbed and withdrew along the shore, and with the slow regression in the tide, white surf began to break in rhythmic motion upon the offshore reefs. The light wind from the west stirred the beach grass and carried little bunches of dried seaweed down toward the watery world from which they had escaped. In the northern sky above the jutting headland a vast company of clouds, purple and white between the azure sky and the dark green and blue of the sea, marched slowly out in long procession to mark some change of moving weather.

All days are moving days upon this earth of ours. By little and little, like the tides that climb or fall upon the shelving beach, or that cloud-army marching from the continent to overbrood the sea, we find ourselves the victims or the beneficiaries of a ceaseless change. The signs of it are all about us, whether we notice them or no, like the tracks upon the sea-beaten, wave-marked beach or on the white wind-furrowed sand of the dunes. Rabbit and mouse, and crow and sparrow, and worm and snake and fox and dog and man have all moved here and left their marks behind them. About each clump of beach-grass a circle has been drawn upon the surface of the sand under the impulse of the shifting wind which makes the pointed tips of the long blades its pencil. It all seems bare enough and lonely enough in the sunlight of this bright autumnal day. But we are here to scare the wild inhabitants and they have left this record of their

presence which with some care and a little knowledge of the wild folks' ways our thoughts can follow. Here the fox has gone a-hunting. Here the crows have brought from the tidal flats their soft-shell clams and left the shells behind them; or walked in chase of grasshoppers. Here, where the ebbing tide has left the wet sands bare, are the holes which are the front door of the ghost-like sand-hoppers and the tracks of the always hurrying snipe. A single sail, white gleaming in the sunlight, is moving far out, a witness to the multitude of ships and sailors that for trade or pleasure move upon the surface of the sea. The gulls and terns are moving, hovering up the coast. I see one plunge and bring up a silvery fish for its dinner from the deep, making me think of all the moving sea-life out of sight. My thought goes back to that old Hebrew singer who exclaimed "O Lord, how marvellous are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches, so is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships; there is that leviathan, whom thou has made to play therein. These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season."

All days of our life are moving, ever-changing days. Think of the generations of living, growing and progressing things that have come upon the earth and sheltered in the sea and passed, to make room for their children, since that old singer, whose very name has perished from the memory of men, stood, as I am standing now, at some land's end where the lapping waves sang their low song in breaking on the sand. Think of the movement of his life and of all lives in the millenniums between his day and ours. And remember that to each man on the earth there is an inward movement of the growth of thought and fate, as was the case with him. However dull and listless, however tranquil and unmarked by startling changes, our own life may seem to be, it makes its steady movement onward from birth toward dissolution and the least noted day

of all, unchronicled, forgotten when the morrow comes, in a true sense is moving day, a stage of progress in our advancing life's experience.

Would we really have it otherwise? Suppose the fiat should go forth from an almighty power that for our convenience or delight the whole movement of the world and of its life should cease? As we are, we shall remain. Would that content us? That was the theme, you remember, of Goethe's *Faust*. Under the pledge of Mephistopheles he was to employ his life until the perfect moment came when he would ask that all might stay exactly as it was. How many of us would today be eager to withdraw entirely from the movement of our world and of our lives into a fixed condition as we are? Could we spare the forward look, the chance of betterment, the prospect of escape from our perplexities? Is the world so fashioned at this moment to our minds that we desire no changes? And, if it is, are we so utterly self-centered as to forget the sorrowing and perplexed, or those who for their sins or sufferings in the morning say: "Would God it were even!" and at even: "Would God it were morning?" That were a purely egotistic wish—a wish that takes no thought of love or brotherhood.

Who is there among men who would accept with joy such banishment from the vast world of universal movement in which we have our place and part? Not the little children, certainly, for all their pleasure and delight is in what the moment brings. Tell them that they can never grow up to be men and women and will they love you for the news? Why, many even of their games are innocent foregraspings of the future, and imagination makes the substance of their hopes and dreams. . . . Nor will the strong man, half way through his chosen task, be pleased to sit with folded hands and never be allowed to reach the goal his eyes have seen; or the aged see with joy the longing of renewal and new opportunity denied.

We must accept, then, and we should accept with gladness, our position in a world of never-ceasing motion and of change. The preacher's sermon on the text: "For here we have no continuing city," must never be a wail of sorrow or a dirge of sad renunciation. For text and sermon alike would be quite incomplete until the emphasis is boldly laid upon the concluding words: "But we seek one to come." Every day of the Christian life is *Moving Day*. Change—change for the better—efforts for an end worth while in the most joyful of companionships, attainment that always proves to be the opening of a door for new endeavor and attainment, are of the essence of the walk with God. All things are changing. Yes, all things but He who is our Father and has sent us to this world of change and has revealed through Christ that it is His good pleasure to give

us the kingdom. Why should we complain that we are in a stream of movement that is planned, companioned, guided and assured for us by the good will of God?

One lesson of that sunlit noontide by the shore which spoke to me so plainly of the large movements of the world and of the life of man, was that of the long patience of our unhurrying God. We had come out of a world of evident restlessness—the quick pulse of the city's life, the noise and hurry of the streets and highways, the perplexities and anxieties and the questionings of our own thoughts. And here amid all these signs of life and motion the very spirit of rest and peace seemed brooding. That is a good thought to fall back upon, the thought that God, in whom all power resides, is never hurried. These heaped-up sands, innumerable particles of fine-ground rock, are a witness that with Him one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. Is it presumptuous for our little group of pleasure seekers, casually sheltered from the flurry of the world of men, to say that God had man's need and pleasure in his thought in that slow shaping of the earth for man's necessities and pleasures? I do not think so. A thought too petty for our God might bring me questioning; but never the great thought of a father's persevering and foreseeing preparation for the good of his children. I could never question or be incredulous of the existence of principalities and powers in God's kingdom, all unknown to us. But, after all, so far as this one earth of ours is concerned, man and the needs of man are unquestionably the biggest things in sight. It is our Father's patience that prepared and works with us, and in that thought is our abiding rest.

We in our hurrying world cannot easily escape from restlessness. We are wise to seek withdrawals when and as we can. But these vacations, or retreats, as we may call them, are but brief intervals in strenuous days. What we most want is serenity of heart in the midst of the disturbing noise and strain of living. We have our work to do. We are in some sense children of our own age, and that is an age of strain and hurry. We cannot go to the desert, or shut ourselves up in some walled and silent house of peace. And if we could, we cannot leave the temptations to hurry of our own hearts and our own thoughts behind us. What we want is the peace that comes in the midst of trouble drawn from the sense of God's presence in the midst of motion and his purpose for us ripening without hurry toward a sure and destined end. There is no peace in standing still. But on the busiest day of action and perplexity we can look up and say: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." —*Saturday Night Thoughts* from *Boston Transcript*.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

FAVORITE RECIPES

Eggs Neapolitan.—6 eggs, 1 cup tomato soup, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 scant teaspoonful salt, few grains cayenne, 2 teaspoonfuls Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely cut sharp cheese, toast points, parsley. Have ready hot platter with rounds of buttered toast. Mix tomato soup and water, and heat in shallow skillet. Break eggs into this sauce, poach slowly and remove to toast rounds. Blend the butter and flour, add seasonings, and stir into liquid remaining in pan. When smooth, add the cheese, and continue stirring until cheese is perfectly melted and blended with the sauce. Pour around eggs, garnish platter with toast points and parsley and serve at once.

Eggs à la Calcutta.—3 hard cooked eggs, 2 cups cooked rice, 6 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 cup sweet milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Make cheese sauce by melting butter, adding flour, then milk and salt, and just before removing from fire add grated cheese. Stir until melted. Arrange rice in form of border on platter. Peel the hard cooked eggs and cut in slices or lengthwise and arrange on rice, then pour cheese sauce in centre and serve hot. Mashed potatoes or grits may be used instead of rice. Lettuce or some other green salad added to border completes a balanced meal.

Potato Puffers.—Mash sufficient freshly-boiled hot potatoes to make a pint. Beat with these a cup of hot milk, heaping tablespoon butter, salt and pepper to taste, and when a little cool, beat in an egg and 2 tablespoons of flour with which has been sifted 1 teaspoon baking powder. Have ready iron gem pan, greased and heated hot. Fill three-fourths full with potato mixture and bake in a hot oven until well browned. To remove from pan without breaking, set gem pan on wet towel for a minute or two, then lift out with a fork. Serve as a vegetable with chops, steak, or any roast.

HANDY HINTS

Good sandwiches can be made from left over meat; grind odd bits through meat chopper, add cheese, melted butter, and make a paste to use on sandwiches.

Removing the Burnt Flavor.—If a milk pudding gets burnt, remove the burnt skin, add more milk and a little butter, then rebake in a gentle oven.

Mint and herbs should be washed in cold water, wrung dry in a cloth and chopped with a sharp knife. If carefully dried thus they will be crisp and, instead of clinging in a wet mass to the knife and board, will be quickly chopped to powder. The board also will not be stained green or require special attention to clean.

To Remove Ink.—Fresh ink stains may be removed to a great extent by absorption by powdered starch; the article must then be washed in milk repeatedly until the spots disappear. If the spot is dry but fresh, it should be dipped repeatedly in buttermilk, or in milk that has been boiled, and rubbed between the hands or with a brush to eliminate the stain. The milk must be changed frequently, then the article laundered as usual.

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL

A GALE has been blowing all night, and still the sky is heavy with cloud. A rustle in the leaves. The branches of the plum tree are swept cross-ways like bending rods by my window—a tussle with each fresh gust, for with every lull they gallantly try to reassert themselves, battered and bedraggled yet unbroken, reminding one of those human beings, whom the stress of life fails to dismay and who “when not strong enough to weather the gale bow like a reed before it, rising up again after the storm has passed, more dignified, more grand.”

Little One, my thoughts have been wandering very constantly to you lately, such daydreams have been woven around your little head; yet would it seem strange were I to write down the outcome of some of these thoughts and feelings? I hope not, though times and needs will have changed before you yourself will read them. . . . Little One, I skip over the childhood years to the ones when you will have reached discretion. I like to think you will be a pioneer of a new era, that you may be a leader of men, if not in a big sense, in your own surroundings, for influence must emanate from an individual first on those with whom it comes into immediate contact before it reaches wider spheres!

Be a force for good in this great world, make the most of your opportunities; do not take yourself overseriously. Have your own resources which, when necessary, will make you independent of others; learning is good, but should not be indulged in to the extent of shutting us off from our fellow-beings, which is sometimes tempting. Let books be a pathway by which to learn more of humanity. . . .

God give you happiness, which freely shed on others. Be genuine, true to friendship, never betray a confidence, and laugh, oh! laugh heartily, for a sense of humour will carry you through a world of minor ills. Try always to be true to your best self; but if you fail, and on occasions you will, do not be discouraged, but let it spur you to fresh effort.—From “*Lamuriac and Other Sketches*,” by the Countess of Cromer.

It's no use waiting for your ship to come in unless you have sent one out.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

REQUESTS

1. I am a young woman, age 25, the mother of three small children. We live out in the country and are poor people. Will some of you kind people send me reading material for my family and self? Thanking you, Mrs. Addie Collins, Kerens, Texas.

2. I am a young married woman. I have one little girl, 19 months old. I would love to receive knitting or crochet supplies (thread or needles), as I am in poor health and get very tired sitting without any work I can do. We are very poor, and not able to buy these things. (Mrs.) Olan Godfrey, Rupert, Ark.

3. I would like to ask through your *Cheerful Letter* for quilt scraps and embroidery thread, as I am shut in most of the time. I would also like some reading for my boys. Their ages are 11, 15 and 17 years. I would very much appreciate anything that might be sent me. Mrs. S. E. Oneal, Cleveland, Ark.

4. Miss Mary Crum, Tennessee Colony, R. 1, Texas, writes asking to be remembered with a dictionary and good reading material.

5. Mrs. H. M. Pack, Dabney, Ark., would like to receive sewing materials and embroidery thread.

6. Mrs. J. R. Adams, Lansing, N. C., writes that it has been a long time since she has heard from any *Cheerful Letter* friends, but she hopes to be remembered again. She has eight children and it keeps her very busy making a living for

them. She would appreciate any cheer for her family and any sewing material for herself.

7. Your wheel-chair, *Cheerful Letter* friend, wishes to thank all who have been so kind to her in sending books, magazines, pictures and quilt scraps, and I would like to receive some more of these if anyone has them to spare. I will write and thank all who send that I can but should they fail to hear from me, please do not think they are not appreciated, as it is sometimes I am not able to write. Sincerely yours, (Miss) Ruby C. Paris, Alpharetta, Ga., R. F. D. 5.

8. Alice Cary Anderson, Mockaville, N. C., R. 5, B. 26, would very much appreciate any good reading the *Cheerful Letter* friends would send her for her invalid brother.

9. I enjoyed the help and reading I received so much. I would be delighted to get more reading of some kind. I have moved since I last wrote to you. I suppose there are so many seeking help through the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange that you can't but help to overlook someone sometime. If some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends have any good magazines or stories or quilt scraps or anything to send me I would certainly appreciate getting something again. Mrs. Maude Wann, Wills Point, Texas, care of M. F. Womack, R. 4.

10. Mrs. Bessie Stone, Athens, Texas, R. 1, care of J. D. Boyd, is a young mother, has five children, ages ranging from three months to six years, and, at present, a sick husband. She would appreciate any cheer that could be sent to her.

11. If it is not asking too much, would love to receive some books, as I am fond of reading and so is my mother. She is 83 years old and can't get about only in the house. She loves to read and it passes the time away for her while I am out doors. I received two books about a year ago and the sender did not give their name so I could thank them. Thanking you for the books in advance. Rosa Johnson, Chilhowie, Va., Star Rt., Box 52.

12. I would like reading matter and story books for children and any sewing material the friends care to send me. My health has been bad for a year and I cannot get about to do much. I do enjoy needle work and could do it if only I had some materials to do with. Mrs. Rosie Loftin, Tolar, Texas, R. 2.

13. I am writing this letter hoping to receive letters from *Cheerful Letter* friends. I do so much enjoy getting letters. They are a great pleasure to me. I live on a farm and must work hard for a living. I work in the field in the day, but at night I can embroider or crochet and I also enjoy making quilts. I would be so thankful to any of you friends who would be so good as to send me materials to help me spend my evening hours profitably. Don't forget reading matter. Mrs. Edward Jones, Rex, Ark.

14. Mrs. Mary Thompson, Tuckerdale, N. C., a widow with four children, would appreciate reading matter for her family.

Mrs. John Poe's present address is Whitetop, Va., R. 1, B. 70.

Mrs. E. L. Adams, Grassy Creek, N. C., R. 2, B. 105.

Mrs. Maude Wann, care of M. F. Womack, Wills Point, Texas, R. 4.

Mrs. E. F. Adams, from Brandon to Grassy Creek, N. C., R. 2, Box 105.

Mrs. C. G. Bailey, to No. 1 H Street, Inman, S. C.

Mrs. Etha Caelton, to Chase City, Va.

Mrs. Walter Hurley, to Peach Bottom, R. D. 1, Pa.

Miss Lou Sims, from Tennessee to Mt. Pisgah, Ky.

Mrs. W. P. Scott, to Vinton, Va., R. D. 1.

Mrs. Zenna Blevins, to Helton, N. C.

PAPER AND INK IN OLD EGYPT

EGYPTIAN literature found great assistance in the excellent material with which its scribes worked. They had not, like their colleagues in Babylonia, to imprint their signs on clay, a proceeding which has produced the ugly shapes of cuneiform; they could . . . "write," as our world has learnt to do from them. They had a

black ink of indestructible permanence, which they ground on a wooden palette; they had a reed, the tip of which they fashioned into a brush; and they had above all else an admirable smooth paper, which they manufactured from the pith of papyrus-stalks. All this was of assistance in writing, and in a good manuscript it can still be seen with what pleasure the writer has drawn his round, firm signs.

Papyrus made it possible for books to be made of any length, by gumming separate sheets together; and there are magnificent manuscripts measuring twenty and forty meters. . . .

Properly only one side of a roll was written on, that upon which the fibres run horizontally and where the pen consequently met with least resistance. But not everybody could afford such extravagance, and we meet with remarkable instances of thrift. The man to whom we are indebted for the, to us, most interesting Papyrus, Harris, Number five hundred, supplied himself with paper by taking an old volume and washing off the ink; he then wrote on its recto. . . . Later on, another person used also the verso of the papyrus, to make himself a copy of two stories. A different procedure was adopted by the writer of the two Leningrad papyri, which have preserved to us the Instruction for King Merikere and the Prophecy of Neferrohu. He was a scribe of accounts, and he simply took documents of his department, gummed them together, and copied out the two works on their empty reverse side as a goodly possession for himself and for a "dear trusty brother."

For him who could not acquire paper there existed that cheap substitute, which we have acquired the habit of calling by the high-sounding name of "ostrakon." This is either the sherd of a largish pot, or merely a smooth flake of limestone—either of which may be found lying about anywhere in Egypt.—*From Introduction to "The Literature of the Ancient Egyptians," by Adolph Erman. Translated by Aylward M. Blackman.*

THE world belongs to him who wills and loves and prays, but he must will, he must love, and he must pray.—*Balzac.*

REACH up as far as you can, and God will reach down all the rest of the way.—*John H. Vincent.*

THE desire of excellence is the necessary attribute of those who excel. We work little for a thing unless we wish for it. But we cannot of ourselves estimate the degree of our success in what we strive for; that task is left to others.—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES

DO YOU LIVE BY THESE 16 RULES OF HEALTH?

- (1) Ventilate every room you occupy.
- (2) Wear light, loose and porous clothes.
- (3) Seek out-of-door occupations and recreations.
- (4) Sleep out-of-doors if you can.
- (5) Avoid overeating and over-weight.
- (6) Avoid excess of high protein foods, such as meat, flesh foods, eggs; also excess of salt and highly seasoned foods.
- (7) Eat some hard, some bulky, some raw foods daily.
- (8) Eat slowly and taste your food.
- (9) Use sufficient water internally and externally.
- (10) Secure thorough intestinal elimination daily.
- (11) Stand, sit and walk erect.
- (12) Do not allow poisons and infections to enter the body.
- (13) Keep the teeth, gums and tongue clean.
- (14) Work, play, rest and sleep in moderation.
- (15) Breathe deeply; take deep-breathing exercises several times a day.
- (16) Keep serene and whole-hearted.

These are the general rules of healthful living, but underlying them all is the great health commandment of having your body periodically examined and your individual needs ascertained so that you can apply these rules with intelligence and precision.

Apart from tuberculosis and the acute diseases such as typhoid fever and pneumonia, disease and the gradual breaking down of the body which we call aging is taken even by scientific men too much as a matter of course. These gradual changes that express themselves finally in old age and sudden death are commonly ascribed even by physicians to the influence of time.

Death rates, however, are not fixed. The duration of human life is not governed by time but by what happens in the course of time. Men and women age because of well known definite physical causes, namely, heredity, infection, poison, disuse or overuse or abuse of the body mechanism and accident. What is the most rational method of overcoming or postponing these factors that lead to ultimate physical bankruptcy? Surely the common sense plan is to search our bodies and lives for any evidences of such menacing factors and to bring to our aid the resources of science to eliminate them.

Every individual has two barriers against disease and ill health—the first, that afforded by the state in quarantine, clean streets, pure water and the like; the second, "individual resistance to disease" gained through periodic physical

examinations and the practice of correct personal hygiene.

A frequent physical examination is of the utmost importance in the maintenance of health. Such an examination should be systematically and thoroughly performed in order that faulty living habits and slight or beginning physical defects may be revealed as well as any serious impairments. Observance of the rules of correct personal hygiene can produce surprising results and even weak and frail people who follow such rules can outlive those with robust constitutions who ignore them.—*Life Extension Institute, New York Times.*

* * *

The average age of the runaway girl who goes to New York in search of fame and fortune is growing younger, according to the experience of the Girls Service League of America. Many of the girls who go to the league are 14 and 15, whereas the majority were 17 until very recently. Not a few have been as young as 12 recently.

"New York continues to be the magnet drawing runaways from all over the country," says Miss Stella Miner, one of the leaders of the work. "Lately there seems to have been an increase in the number, owing, perhaps, to the publicity which recently attended the search for a girl of good family who ran away from a finishing school to become a housemaid, or perhaps to the lack of employment in small towns. But what especially alarms us is not so much the recent and perhaps only temporary increase in the number of runaways as the decrease in their average age."

"The league has studied this problem and our investigation shows that almost three-quarters of the girls who run away come from broken or unsympathetic homes. In such cases you cannot blame the girls. Many people were surprised when I once said that in all my experience I had yet to see a thoroughly bad girl; that there is always something to build upon. The league has now reached its twentieth anniversary, and I repeat that statement most emphatically."

* * *

In an appeal made at the opening of a campaign to raise two million dollars for the completion of the Neurological Institute building fund and the establishment of a fund for medical research into crime and its causes, Dr. Walter Timmee, Dr. Edwin G. Zabriskie and Dr. Frederick Tilney of the Medical Board outlined three phases of a research program proposed for the Neurological Institute, which is now making an investigation of infantile paralysis, epilepsy and sleeping sickness. The proposal, it was said, represents the first intensive campaign ever undertaken to check maladjustments, life's failure and potential criminality through the

study of brain blight before birth, chemical and personality disturbances in six-months-old infants and definite pro-criminal characteristics.

The program as set forth is intended to make the new Medical Centre a "nursery not only to fight the crime wave but to put square pegs in round holes" through the study of these three phases of an individual's life which "render him incapable of a productive adjustment."

Dr. Tilney said brain blight before birth denied many persons the right even to start life with adequate equipment for happy adjustment, and that during this pre-birth period "ten billions of cells slowly and surely and with complete exactitude all take their appointed places to form the human brain."

"In this time," he continued, "the slightest change in admixture and combination of chemical materials may cause not only retardation in brain growth but decreases in ultimate power and consequently may produce many anti-social and criminal tendencies."

He said his research program proposed to delve into such factors as the toxemias of pregnancy, which may make failures or criminals even before birth, and thus check "the crime wave at its root."

"We ask for no superficial survey," he continued. "We are determined to go to the bottom of this problem, to start with it at its beginning, to carry it through in sequence to its various successive stages."

Dr. Zabriskie said that the factors which stamp individuality may be determined within the first year of an infant's life, and that an important point of the investigation would be to discover at an early age persons with "a definite lack of sense of personal responsibility" who might drift into crime or poverty.

Dr. Timmee said inadequate glandular development was one of the factors which brought certain individuals into the classes to be studied, particularly in criminology, and that the problem there was to "determine the potential pro-criminal groups through endocrinological study, combined with psychiatric and psychological investigations."

LAURA R. DONNELL.

DANGEROUS APPETITE

PHYSICIANS will testify to the fact that thousands of their patients, by indulging an insatiable appetite, have eaten themselves into an untimely grave. Perhaps it was this thought that concerned the old colored woman in the story.

This colored mammy viewed with misgivings the great amount of sugar cane being eaten by her six-year-old grandson. Eventually she warned the boy: "Chile, ain't I done tol' yo' time an' agin dat youse eatin' too much cane?

Don't yo' know, chile, dat cane killed Abel?"—*Clipped.*

THE CYCLE OF WOMEN'S DRESS

IN 1886 the silk dress of the average woman contained twenty-two yards of material. This was the time when a line drawn from the back of the neck downward described midway a sudden and imposing outward curve. It was also the time when, thanks to fashion, municipalities could dispense with a good deal of the hired labor for street cleaning.

About twenty years earlier, the period of the hoopskirt, the yardage was fifteen. Eighty years earlier it was four and a half. The disturbances and embargoes of the Napoleonic wars seem to have had something to do with this style.

The authority for these figures has no complete statistics on the quantity of dress material in 1893, but says that it took three yards to make a sleeve and six yards to go around the bottom of the skirt. There is a tradition that in 1893, a time of industrial depression, unemployment and enforced economies, enterprising young women went to parties and came home with such souvenirs in their sleeves as sides of bacon.

The silk dress of 1925, that is, the average one, got along with three yards of goods.

We see here a cycle beginning with four yards plus, reaching a peak of twenty-two yards and swinging back to three. One of our business experts could make a graph of it. It might correlate with prices, but the figures of 1893 show that it would not synchronize exactly with the thinness of the Old Man's pocketbook.

The evolution of dress, as indicated by the stuff which has gone into it, brings up the question as to whether the cycle will oscillate, in the way of a pendulum, backward toward bulk and the bustle, or go on until the skirt of a woman is reduced to a whisper and correspond to the vermiform appendix as a more or less inconvenient relic. It would appear today that anyone is entitled to guess either way.—*Toledo Blade.*

"HENRY," said the caller at the office of an American film magnate, "I need \$500, and if you will endorse this note the bank will let me have the amount immediately."

The film magnate hesitated a moment, the caller was of rather dubious financial responsibility. Then a happy thought struck him.

"Is that bank manager a personal friend of yours?" he inquired.

"No, not exactly. Why?"

"Well, do you think I'd let you borrow from a strange bank manager? An old friend like you? Certainly not. You have him endorse the note and I'll lend you the money myself."

TIN CANS AND HISTORY

It was Napoleon Bonaparte who, wanting fresh meats and vegetables for his soldiers, first offered a prize equal to about \$2,500 for a written description of how to preserve food in a way to taste fresh. The prize offered set the chef and confectioner, François Appert, to work, and in 1804, after nine years of experimenting, he succeeded, and his description of his process won the prize. He used wide-mouthed bottles, corked and sealed, and it was not until several years later that Peter Durand, an Englishman, first used a tin can, or "canister," as he called it.

The first preserving done in America was done by two Englishmen who had learned the process in England. They were William Underwood and Charles Mitchell, and they used glass containers for their vegetable and fish canning. It was in 1825 that Thomas Kensett took out the first patent for a tin can, but it was little like what we have today. The old cans were cut by hand from a sheet of metal, and a rapid workman could make 60 a day. Today, with modern machinery, a man can turn out 1,500 cans, and these far better than the old hand-cut ones.

CANS IN THE WILDERNESS

But Americans did not at first use canned goods much. The process was expensive and men had not learned to place their canneries near the farms or fishing grounds. But when the gold rush came in the late '50s, men learned how useful was the little can that could be carried into the wilderness far from food supplies. The farmers who went to raise food for the miners found themselves oversupplied at times, and they, too, turned to the canner to have their surplus used. It is told that the first canning was done in the bottles discarded by men who had brought canned foods from the East, but soon California was making her own bottles and cans.

In the old sailing vessel days the boats carried cows to supply milk for any babies on board. Often the cows would go dry because they were not used to the food they got on the ocean, and then the poor babies were without milk. And it was pity for these babies that started one of the greatest branches of the canning industry. Gail Borden had little money, but he persuaded the Shakers, a religious group at New Lebanon in New York, to help him, and he experimented in boiling the water out of milk until he had it condensed, so that a quantity could go into a small can. For many years Borden worked to perfect his idea, bearing ridicule and poverty, but in the end he succeeded and won fame and fortune.

SPREADING THE NEWS

Then came the Civil War, and the United States Government became a customer for canned

foods to feed its armies marching through parts of the country where all foods were gone. Thousands of men who had never before eaten canned food went home to spread the news of this new way of keeping foods, and the growth of the canning industry in America really dated from the Civil War.

General Greely, the famous Arctic explorer, had canned goods with him. Years afterward, Lieutenant Peary, on his way to the North Pole, found the old Greely camp, and he and Donald MacMillan have both written of the canned foods they found up north of the Arctic Circle, foods that had frozen and thawed and frozen again, but were still good when the later explorers opened and ate of them. There are records of cans that were opened and found good and appetizing 29 years after they were filled. Commander Byrd carried concentrated foods with him on his flight across the Pole last May.

There have been romances in the canning industry, too. There was James D. Dole, who went to Hawaii to make his fortune and took to raising pineapples. But it was impossible to export ripe ones, though these taste so much better than those that are picked green. So he began canning his product. At first he could scarcely sell his cases of fruit, but in a dozen years people had grown so partial to Hawaiian pineapple that over 5,000,000 cases were sold. And meantime, in a small Pennsylvania town, a young man, looking for a way to earn, began putting up horseradish that he found growing behind a deserted house. Then he added beans and other vegetables to his list, until the name of Heinz is known throughout the country. And in France today, the descendants of François Appert are still in the canning business and putting up delicacies, such as breast of capon and truffles, that are fit for a royal feast.

We take our canned food as a matter of course, yet each year Alaska packs twice as much salmon as would pay the \$7,200,000 which the United States gave Russia for her in 1868. And at one meal we may dine on asparagus from Florida or California, oysters from Chesapeake Bay, tuna from California, or beef from the western plains, with corn from Illinois, peas or beans from Wisconsin, and peaches from Georgia, or figs that were canned in Louisiana. While the milk in our cocoa came from New York and the cocoa itself was raised in the Indies and canned in Holland. Romance? It is spread before us at every meal if we will but look for it!"—*Selected.*

WAR in itself and for itself is the greatest crime in the world, and the glory of victory pursued for itself is a crime. This world is made for peace and for work in peace time. The first duty is to work for our people, not to fight.—*Marshal Foch.*

THE WOMAN'S GARDEN

THERE are few homes which cannot be made more attractive and even more livable by the use of climbing vines. Vines of the right kind serve as a perfect screen. They give shade; they hide unsightly fences; they drape dead trees; and they transform summer houses into living arbors.

There are many vines with widely different characteristics, and one must know something about their habits and methods of growth before making a choice. The woman who has a porch close to the street, and therefore lacking in seclusion, needs a vine which will make an attractive and adequate screen. The most effective vine for this purpose is the Dutchman's pipe, catalogued as *aristolochia*, which has very large leaves overlapping one another like shingles on a roof. This vine is a perennial, and not always easy to establish. After a year or two, however, it can be relied upon to provide a perfect screen. It has flowers, but they are of little consequence.

Another good vine to grow over a porch is the *actinidia* vine, which also has large leaves and grows freely. There are several *actinidias*, one of which is peculiar because of its attraction for cats. This particular species has the same fascination for members of the feline tribe as catnip, for which reason very few persons succeed in growing it. Even when protected by chicken wire, the cats usually succeed in digging it up. The woman who asks her nurseryman for an *actinidia* vine will, however, be almost certain to get a kind which is suited to New England conditions and which has no attraction for cats. In Bar Harbor, the *actinidia* vine has been grown over a wire fence, completely hiding the support so that it looks like a hedge. When trained in this manner, it makes a very satisfactory living fence.

Many women who are charmed with the large flowered forms of the *clematis* try to grow them around their homes. Usually their efforts result in failure. The plants live a few years and then suddenly disappear. This is unfortunate because these large flowered types, like *clematis Jackmanii*, are exceedingly lovely. For the most part, though, a garden maker must depend upon *clematis paniculata*, the foamy white flowers of which come late in the season and last for a long time. This is another vine which can be grown over a porch, although it is not a perfect screen, and is somewhat untidy. The main stems of *clematis paniculata* usually keep alive during the winter, but the side branches and much of the top is usually killed. As a rule it is best to cut the plants back very hard, even within a few feet of the ground. They will make rapid growth and will look better than if untrimmed.

Naturally enough, most women who have gardens crave a good specimen of *wistaria*, but

the fact must be confessed that this is one of the hardest of the common vines to manage. Plants grown from seeds will often remain for ten or fifteen years without showing a blossom. Indeed, some specimens seem to be permanently barren. If, however, grafted plants are used, the grafts having been taken from vines which are known to flower freely, results may be expected in a few years. Cutting back rather hard helps to make the *wistarias* bloom, and root pruning is also efficacious, a spade being forced into the ground in a semi-circle some distance away from the trunk, cutting through the roots.

In any event, *wistarias* seldom flower well when trained on a trellis. They do much better when allowed to ramble over a building or an old tree.

It is worth mentioning in this connection that climbing plants can be made to flower much more freely if the canes are trained horizontally as well as perpendicularly. In other words, after being led for a few feet towards the top of a trellis or other support, they should be led sideways and then up again. Apparently the bending of the canes in this way tends to force the production of buds. This is a plan worth keeping in mind even when training climbing roses.

Mention should be made of the climbing honeysuckles, especially Hall's honeysuckle. This vine keeps its foliage until the winter is half gone, besides having attractive flowers. It is a very good vine to grow on a fence.

And then there are the native Virginia creepers, the best of which is the one catalogued as *Ampelopsis Engelmannii*, which clings readily to walls and buildings.—*Boston Transcript*.

A WEAVER OF LACE

THERE in the market place she sits each day,
There in the market place where all is gay
With fragrant flowers and fruits, her bobbins play
With strands of thread so filmy and so white
A spider might have spun them over night!
Cobwebby meshes grow beneath her fingers
So skillfully and rapidly, one lingers
To purchase yards of fairy merchandise
Spun by this busy dame with shining eyes!
Eyes which are bright with visions of fair things—
Of lotus flowers and lilies and the wings
Of butterflies, the shine and shade of leaves.
Into her fabrics these and more she weaves,
For she makes tangible her dreams each day,
Depicts in lace-work what she cannot say,
Expressing thus the beauty that she knows
As easily as blooms the wayside rose.
Small wonder that her brow is smooth and fair,
For she lives seemingly remote from care,
And time, the etcher, gives but added grace
To his co-artist of the market place!

—Amy Smith.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

JESUS LOVING LITTLE CHILDREN

ONCE there were some children. There were little boys and little girls, and bigger boys and girls, and babies who could not walk and were only just beginning to talk. The mothers told the children stories about a wonderful man named Jesus. The mothers said that he made people well who were very sick. They told how he cured that boy who was sick with a fever, so that he could play again.

The mothers told their children that there never was a man with so beautiful a face. They said that whenever Jesus spoke people just had to listen. They said that if Jesus ever came near enough, they would take the children to see him. Perhaps he would ask the heavenly Father to take care of them. Perhaps he would put his hands on their heads.

The mothers told their children stories about Jesus at story time, just before they put them to bed, and when the children sat in their laps, tired out from playing. And the children wished more than anything else to see Jesus. They could hardly wait for the time to come when their mothers could take them to him.

One happy day the mothers heard that Jesus was near by. Now their children could see him. If he should put his hands on their heads, it would be something they could remember always.

You can imagine how carefully the mothers dressed their children. You can think how they made their hair smooth and their faces clean, and how they put on their prettiest clothes. At last they were ready. Every child looked his sweetest. The mothers carried the babies in their arms. The little children kept a tight hold of their hands. The bigger boys and girls ran on ahead. They wondered who would see him first. They wondered if they would know him as soon as they saw him.

Yes; they knew where he was by the crowd of people about him. They could hear his voice. They could see his beautiful face. They pushed their way among the people to get to him. The mothers looked very happy. The children's eyes shone.

But before they got to him they were stopped by some men who spoke crossly to them. "Go away!" they said. "Why do you trouble Jesus? He is busy curing sick people and preaching. He cannot be bothered with children. Be off!"

Oh, how unhappy the mothers looked as they turned away! The children's eyes did not shine any longer. Some of them cried. Here was Jesus close to them, and they could not speak to him. They must go home without feeling his

hands on their heads, and without looking into his eyes.

But then they heard Jesus speak. He was talking to the men who had spoken crossly to them. He was not pleased with these men. "Let the little children come to me," he said. "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

He came toward the frightened mothers and children. One by one he took the children in his arms. He talked to them. His smile was so beautiful that the shyest baby was not afraid of him. The children snuggled close to his side. They put their soft arms about his neck. They stroked his clothes with their little fingers. They gave him the flowers they had picked on the way. They all loved him—every one, for they knew that Jesus was the Friend of little children.—(Bible story: Mark 10: 13-16.) (Pilgrim Press—Beginners' Stories)

THE NEW HOUSE

We are building a house
And its lots of fun;
It will be my house
When it's all done.

The roof is green
And the walls are gray,
And a big red chimney
Runs all the way

Up through the porch
From bottom to top;
Oh, I thought that chimney
Never would stop!

Dad's room is big
And mine is small,
But I think I can make
Room for us all—

There's Teddy and Bunnie
And Elephant Jo,
And the old plush cat,
They'll sit in a row;

The old kiddie car,
And the new express,
And the hook and ladder—
I just guess

With my picture books
And sister and me.
My room will look beautiful.
Do come and see!

—Blanche Balfour.

If put to the pinch an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

"WHO PLANTS A TREE"

BILLY took the last spadeful of earth out of the deep hole, laid it carefully, black and mellow and crumbling, on the heap beside the excavation, and gazed into the hole that he had dug. The smell of earth came up to him, strong and sweet; a pungent scent of growth and vigorous strength that moved him strangely. He leaned his weight on the spade, and inhaled deeply while his gaze wandered along the side of the school playground, where other children dug holes and planted other trees, under the supervision of the teacher. His gaze came back to the hole in front of him, and he breathed a great sigh of happy contentment.

The maples that lined the road in front of the schoolhouse rustled faintly, the first, soft murmur of immature leaves, as the fingers of the breeze stirred through the branches; a rustle made up of the combined voices of countless growing leaves; small voices that spoke to the boy of sun and soft rain, and intimacies of birds and weather. The shadows of the maples lay lightly marked on the soft green of the roadside, thin, vague patterns of light and shade; slender splashes of shadow, with little chinks and interstices of sunlight that made the shade and sunshine one in pattern and form; a single unit of conglomerate shades of common beauty.

A crow swooped down from the woods beyond, and shot up effortlessly in a great arc of flight that ended in a lofty elm across the road, where he swayed with half-closed wings, and shouted lustily—"Haw! Haw! Haw!" And to the boy it seemed as though there was a personal message in his cry. "Trees! Trees! Trees!" he was shouting, "Haw! Haw! Haw!" And Billy's gaze traveled from the crow, outward over the countryside. Beauty of trees everywhere; tall, slender, graceful trees; short, thick, comfortable trees, with outstretched branches already misty with the first of their load of the treasures; spruces with arms held strongly for birds' nests, and towering up to pinnacles where thrushes would sing in twilight; trees that stood in protecting ranks before houses and trees that stood aloof, and spoke with the voice of the wind.

Billy knelt and untied the protecting burlap from around the roots of the tree that he had brought. As the burlap came away, there arose a perfume of leafmold, a cool breath from moss and dew-drenched earth. He plunged his fingers into the dark mold, and it seemed to him that he could feel the certain promise of its growth.

The crow left his pinnacle of elm, and flew over Billy's head with a great clamor of shouting. And he seemed to be watching the boy as he bent over, understanding what he was doing, and there was an approving heartiness in his cry. As

the crow passed, Billy was packing the earth around the roots of his tree, and with his hands he could feel the mingling of roots and earth into the certainty of growth.

The teacher came down to him, and looked upon his work with approbation. "What a fine, sturdy tree!" she exclaimed. "I'm sure that one will grow."

Billy looked up with a little inward glow of assurance not dependent upon her approbation, a surety that went up from the earth in his hands to meet the tiny whisper of young leaves above his head.

The crow flew away over toward the willow-fringed pond, where he met a trio of friends, whom he greeted with clamorous salutation. All four of them flew back over the school yard, and shouted as they went. Billy watched their passing as one watches the familiar passing of old friends, and with a vision that was clear and sure, he saw them swooping down and swaying in the top of his tree, swaying in vigorous arcs, and shouting in robust glee, "Haw! Haw! Haw! Trees! Trees! Trees!"

The boy rose to his feet, brushing the earth from his knees. He looked up at his teacher, and asserted, "Grow? You bet it'll grow. Why, it's growing now."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

A FATHER'S PRAYER

God, you have given me a son:

Now help me make him worthy of
His father's name, his father's love;

Among companions make him one

Both clean of heart and clean of speech;
Help me my son these things to teach.

God, you have given me a boy:

Now help me still my boy to rear:

Too kind to quarrel, brave to fear,

Too good for any sinful joy,

Or, if temptation prove too strong,

Too wise to follow folly long.

God, you a son have given me:

Help me to make my boy a man,

Help me to teach him all I can

Of honesty and decency—

Father of fathers, make me one,

A fit example for a son.

—*Douglas Malloch.*

It is the quiet worker that succeeds. No one can do his best, or even do well, in the midst of badinage or worry or nagging. Therefore, if you work, work as cheerily as you can. If you do not work, do not put even a straw in the way of others. There are rocks and pebbles and holes and plenty of obstructions. It is the pleasant word, the hearty word, that helps.

THE MANNA TRADE

BIBLE readers will be interested, no doubt, by the latest theory that the manna which supported the Israelites in the wilderness was the exudation of a parasite of the tamarisk, but many will be surprised, perhaps, to learn that it is still gathered and used in considerable quantities. In Upper Mesopotamia, Kurdistan, and the Persian border manna is plentiful during September, October, and November, when the folk go out in the early mornings and gather it by spreading sheets beneath the trees and shaking the branches. It is used as a substitute for sugar or honey, and the collectors find a ready sale for all they do not need for their own use. Bitlis is the center of the manna trade, and the merchants there handle large quantities of the two chief varieties—white and green. The general belief among the natives is that the little white grains fall from heaven in the form of dew.—*Manchester Guardian*.

LIFE

From the Detroit Free Press
 LAUGHTER and song,
 A friend and a smile or two,
 Then a lonely and long
 Hard pull for a mile or two,
 Danger and fear
 The despair and the doubt of it,
 Then the skies clear
 And the glad coming out of it!
 Meet what you must
 As a man, as a friend,
 Be strong and be just,
 Joy shall come in the end.

A RARE PLEASURE

"So you enjoy showing your wife how to run the car."

"Yes; it's the first time she ever admitted that I could teach her anything."

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also letters offering to give books and magazines, should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

4. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

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